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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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HOLINESS
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GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH

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SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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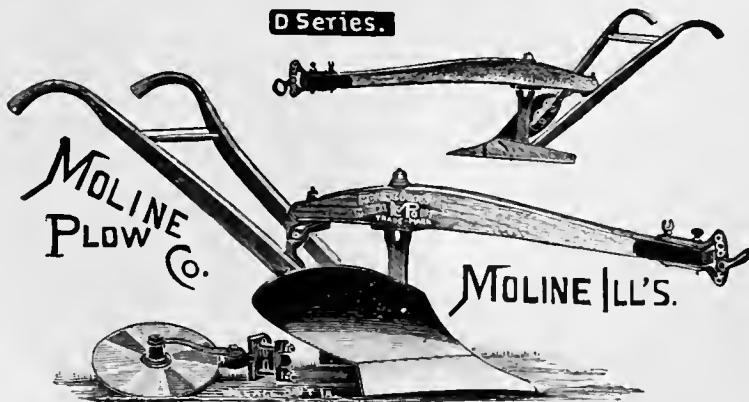
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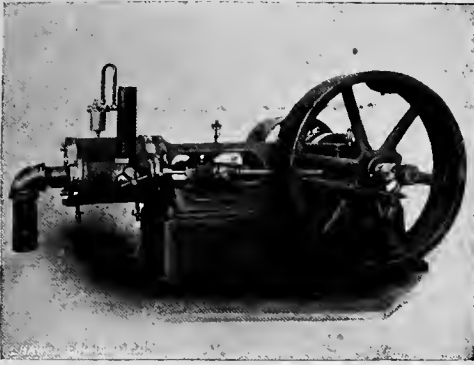


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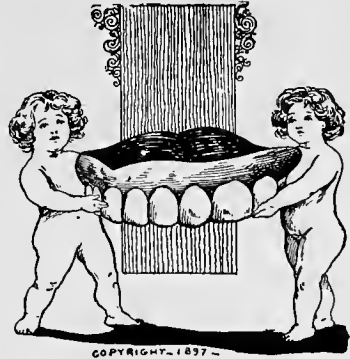
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1898.

No. 4.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

IV.

OUR first illustration is a fairly good picture of a woman belonging to the Votiaks, a branch of the Finnish stock.

These people, together with a number of closely related tribes, are now established in the government or province of Viatka, which derives its name from the inhabitants, and which lies between the governments of Nijni Novgorod and Perm. In these and other governments contiguous to Viatka, various subdivisions of the Finnish people are to be found. The peculiar costume here pictured is rarely seen in Finland,—the region from which the Votiaks and their kindred have probably come; yet this style of dress is common amongst the tribes now inhabiting the provinces named. A kerchief enveloping head and

neck is generally worn by every Finnish woman; the outer garment which each observer may classify for himself is made of white cotton fabric; the wrappings of the lower limbs consist of

thick coarse cloth, usually black; these are held in place by binding cords; rough slippers made of rushes or linden bark plaited protect the feet. Such is the summer costume; during the winter, a coat-like dress of thick cloth, perhaps lined with sheepskin, is added. The picture as here presented was secured in the course of a ramble on the banks of the Kama river; it was taken without the lady's know-



VOTIAK WOMAN OF FINNISH ORIGIN, GOVERNMENT OF VIATKA, RUSSIA.

ledge or consent, and therefore represents no studied pose; it is rather illustrative of the natural ease and grace common to many of these people. This woman firmly refused to knowingly sit or stand for her portrait; nevertheless

she was caught as you see her here while indulging her curiosity by watching me, from what she doubtless regarded as a safe distance, while I manipulated the camera.

These immigrant Finns, including Votias, Samoryedes, Permiens, Tchouvaches, and many other tribal divisions, each with an almost unpronounceable name, maintain some of their original characteristics of dress, language, and habit, and by these they are readily distinguished from the Russians proper. They are industrious and extremely frugal, almost avaricious indeed, yet



BASHKIR WORKMEN IN QUARRY AT CHAFRANOWA, RUSSIA.

very hospitable in their treatment of strangers; they are a peaceable people, less robust than the typical Russian, and more successful because more careful and skillful than he in agricultural work.

Let me add another to our type pictures illustrating phases of life among the laboring classes in Russia. The next illustration here presented represents a group of Bashkirs, as we came upon them in a stone quarry near the railway at Chafranowa. The man with the bearded face impressed us all

by his venerable appearance and dignified bearing; yet he was but a common laborer with the rest. The long coat, cut to button across in front, may have a dressy appearance in the picture, suggestive of holiday attire; it is, however, an every-day garment, very common among the people, and generally, as in this case, decidedly shabby. The Bashkirs are sometimes described as Turco-Russians; their dialect is different from the Russ language, being modified by an admixture of Turkish. They are usually classified as Bashkirs of the Mountains, and Bashkirs of the Steppes; the group here photographed belong to the latter class, though they have forsaken the wandering habits of their ancestors and are now settled in villages with Tartar, Cossack, and other neighbors, engaged in ordinary pursuits.

The organization of Russian towns and villages is an interesting subject for study. It is very generally understood that the Russian government is a monarchy of the most absolute kind, a veritable despotism in fact. Nevertheless the masses of the people enjoy many privileges of local organization and control, with which the higher officials seldom if ever venture to interfere. The country has been properly called a land of paradoxes; conditions seemingly opposed, and self-contradictory exist there, and in many instances the results are not merely tolerable but good. For example, in that land, where the will of the Czar is the first and the highest law, and where every official aspires to be a little czar within his own sphere, there is a measure of freedom allowed the peasantry, which gives them in their local affairs an almost democratic aspect. Mr. D. M. Wallace, writing in 1876 on this phase of Russian life,

said: "In 'the great stronghold of Cæsarism, despotism and centralized bureaucracy' these Village Communes, containing about five-sixths of the population, are capitol specimens of representative constitutional government of the extreme democratic type!"

It must be remembered that the family organization is regarded in Russia with a feeling approaching reverence. The visitor recognizes the essentials of the patriarchal system in the household and in the community. But the family as a unit in the affairs of local government, includes, not only husband, wife, and children of one generation, but all living members in a line of direct descent, and perhaps some remote relatives, if other families have been broken up. Over such a family company the oldest member presides; he is known as the Khozain, or Head of the House. In some parts of Great Russia, where this system has been the least changed during recent years, the head of the family exercises great power, even over the children who have reached manhood and are themselves parents; they rarely oppose the authority of him whom they have been taught to regard as their natural ruler and guide. Then the people in general look upon the nation as but a family on a larger plan; and they regard the Czar as the patriarchal head of this colossal household. But concerning the imperial government little can be said here; perhaps the subject may be considered on some later occasion. For the present I ask your attention to the organization which stands next above that of the family in the scale of authority; and that is the Village Community. Before serfdom was abolished in 1861, most of the peasants were bound in service to the crown lands, or to the estates held by

the nobles as grants from the crown. Even while serfdom flourished, the serfs were less the actual property of the land-holders than appendages to the estates; and no proprietor had the right, without special legal authority and permission, to sell or otherwise dispose of his serfs, by removing them from the land to which they were bound. It was not within his power to break up existing family relationships among his serfs, or to deprive them of certain, though limited rights of heirship in the soil upon which they had been born. When serfdom was brought to an end, some of these rights passed to the moujiks or freed peasants, and are still held and enjoyed by them.

The peasant families or households are classified into communes, of which there are several grades, the simplest being the Village Community. Over each village is placed an officer known as the Starosta or Village Elder. The term "elder" as thus applied has reference to his authority as the representative father or older member of the community, and not to any priestly power, none of which attaches to the office. He is elected by the people, usually for a term of one year; through him communication is carried on between the commune and the officers of the higher government. No governor, judge, nor even the Czar himself, assumes the right to interfere with the people in their election of a starosta. The government cares only that an elder be duly elected, so that the commune will have an official head; it deals with the commune as a unit and levies upon it a proportionate part of the taxes. The amount demanded is based upon the number of males whose names appear on the official census lists, irrespective of age or working ability. At irregular intervals a

revision of the lists is ordered, and at such times the name of every living male is entered, whether it be that of a man old and decrepit, or that of an infant but a day old; and according to the lists the taxes are apportioned. Between the revisions of the lists no change is made in the basis of allotment although the membership in the commune must be continually fluctuating through the relative rate of births and deaths. This tax demanded by the government from the commune is called the obrok or rent-tax for the land which the community has received from the Czar. The distribution of the tax among the members, and the collection of the same, are matters which each commune must regulate for itself. Usually the apportionment within the commune is made according to the size of the several households. Each family is required to assume responsibility for a certain number of shares, and to take in turn a part of the land, the actual ownership of which is common among all.

The heads of families constitute the village assembly, which is known as the Mir (pronounced *meer*), signifying "the majority." To its decisions every member of the commune will bow without question, as an obedient child must do when the father commands. In the smaller villages the Mir assemblies are held in the open air. The elder presides, though he has no power in these gatherings beyond that of a president in any deliberative assembly in our own country. The will of the majority is final on all matters submitted. The most important questions to be discussed are such as pertain to the distribution of the obrok among the families; and as this is strictly governed by the apportionment of land, the latter becomes a subject of supreme interest. It must

be understood that land is not at a premium in Russia, and the allotment of so many shares in the common estate is regarded by the recipient rather as a burden than a blessing. The peasant must take his share whether he wants the land or not; he must pay his part of the tax whether he cultivates the soil or allows it to lie idle.

Only the heads of families are entitled to speak and to vote in the Mir meetings; and as these representatives are usually men, the women have little to say in the assemblies; if, however, the oldest member of any family be a woman, she is accorded in full the privileges which usually rest with the men in the village affairs. Taxation carries with it all the rights of representation in the commune. As stated, the amount of the government demand is based on the extent of the "revision lists," or census rolls, which show the names of the males living at the time of the revision; these are known as "revision souls." The Mir levies the tax among its members, according to the number of males actually alive in each family at the time of the assessment. Now it is plainly evident that this is a very unfair basis for the distribution of a land tax, inasmuch as the working strength, or wage-earning ability may not be in proportion to the number of males in the family; for these may be in one case boys or old men unfit for work, and in another young or middle-aged men, each capable of doing a full share of farm labor. In a few communities another method has been adopted which is less simple but more just; this consists in giving out the land according to the number of able-bodied laborers in the family, the actual amount being determined as in the more general method, by the decision of the Mir.

Only the arable and pasture lands are so allotted. Each family is entitled to a piece of land for a home within the village precincts, and this is held by the family as a private possession; not even the Mir has the right to interfere in the matter of occupancy except in extreme cases of neglected stewardship. On this village lot the family may build as it chooses; it may cultivate the garden or let it lie bare, since the family alone will enjoy or suffer the results. But the farming and meadow land are common property, and the temporary holders are supposed to use their farms for the good of the community. The meadows are apportioned every year, usually at the beginning of the hay season; sometimes the grass is cut by common labor, and the hay is then distributed. The farming land is redistributed at intervals of three, five, or more years. Perhaps the weakest point in this system of common ownership of land is the possibility of frequent change of tenants. The moujik is not without the weaknesses of other human beings, and he is not likely to take much care or pride in the permanent improvement of his little farm if he thinks that his lazy neighbor will have possession of it next year. It is said, however, that the Mir is generally willing to grant to any one a renewal of his tenure, if he shows that he has labored to improve the soil.

The Mir claims the right of control over the members of the commune even though they leave the village. Before any member is allowed to leave, he must secure a formal permit signed by the village Elder. This serves him as a passport wherever he may travel within the empire; but it is even more: it is regarded as a certificate of good character, and will be accepted as security in ordinary business matters;

for if the man fail to fulfil his contracts, the Mir may be called upon to make good its endorsement. At any time the Mir may peremptorily summon home a member who is absent on leave; and the police authorities of the town or city to which the moujik has gone are required to see that he promptly obeys the summons, at least so far as setting out for home is concerned. Usually, however, the Mir has little to do with absentees to whom leave has been duly given, except to notify them of their share of the tax assessments; and such share is sure to be of liberal proportions if the man is supposed to be making good wages in his new employment. Permanent transfers from one community to another are rarely allowed; the peasant is claimed by the village of his birth wherever he may go.

Family ownership of property is less general today than it was before the abolition of serfdom; but the system of village ownership in common is still maintained and indeed appears to be increasing in extent and strength. In the absence of very recent statistics, the following statement by Brandes, published in 1887 may be of interest: "In the department of Moscow, since 1861 [the year in which the serfs were emancipated], of 74,480 farms only nineteen have abandoned the joint proprietorship; and at the present time, in the whole of Greater Russia, of all the peasant farm lands, 90 to 98 per cent are owned in common. Even in White and Little Russia common ownership has made inroads."

Some among students of Russian customs profess to see in the Mir with its powers of local control, and its joint ownership of land, a possible means of avoiding the social troubles resulting from the concentration of

wealth, as shown in so many European countries. While many of the claims as to the excellence of the Mir system are probably exaggerated, it is doubtless true that the system itself possesses many commendable features, and that good results are experienced by the people. It tends to check the peasant migration from the country districts to the cities, and to give to even the poorest a sense of proprietorship in the soil. Moreover, it insures to the monjik a means of support of which he cannot easily be deprived. As the system becomes more nearly perfect through the teachings of experience, and as the means of administering it are improved, still greater good may be expected.

J. E. Talmage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

LITERATURE FOR SAINTS.

NEVER since the organization of the Church have the Latter-day Saints been exposed to such contending influences as they have during the past few years. The conditions surrounding them have, in that time, entirely changed. They have been placed in new and trying circumstances. The Lord has assured His people from the beginning that all would be tested, and, if they could be shaken, they would be. Certainly these predictions have been fulfilled to a very great extent of late. It has been surprising how men, who for long years have exhibited the utmost fidelity to the truth and to the Priesthood, have manifested a want of faith and a disposition to reject the counsels of the Priesthood. A spirit has seized them that has prompted them to indulge in strange expressions and feelings.

The division on party lines in politi-

cal matters has been one of the chief causes, if not itself the chief cause, of this change. It is a strange thing to have to say about Latter-Day Saints, that the love of party and the zeal for party, has arisen above every other consideration; and this feeling has been carried to such an extent at some times and in some places as to cause great pain to those who have loved the union of the Saints and the welfare of Zion.

No one of experience and observation can very well question the propriety of the Latter-day Saints being divided on national party lines. We had reached a point in our career where unless this had been done there would have been arrayed against us forces which would have been difficult to cope with. It was, therefore, the highest prudence that there should be such a division. But it did not necessarily follow, because it was proper to have a division in political matters, that the people should yield to a spirit of division and strife. Yet this spirit has been quite evident, and in some cases actual animosity has been all too plainly exhibited.

The question naturally arises, How is it that well-meaning, devoted and believing Latter-day Saints could suffer themselves to give way to such partisan feelings; how could they manifest such a disregard of those principles and that authority which through their lives they had revered and honored?

The observation of those who have mingled much with the people has brought to light one great and notable fact—that the persons who have displayed the most intense partisan feeling, and who seemed in many instances to have thrown aside all sense of obligation to that influence and that authority which they had esteemed more than life itself, have not been readers of Church

publications. The word of God which has come to us from olden times has not been read in their families as it should have been. The *Deseret News*, which contains the discourses of the authorities of the Church, has been neither patronized nor read. Other Church periodicals have also been neglected. So apparent has been this fact that some of the Elders, in traveling and visiting conferences, have said that they could tell the standing of the various stakes and wards which they visited by the number of copies of the *Deseret News*, *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, *Woman's Exponent*, *Young Woman's Journal*, and *Improvement Era* that were taken in the settlements. They found this a simple yet accurate test of the condition of the Saints; where these periodicals were taken and read, the people possessed a different spirit and manifested a different feeling than did those who did not read these publications.

There is nothing unreasonable or hard to believe in this statement. It is an old saying, which the experience of generations has proved to be true, that a man is known by the company he keeps. If a person of experience knows the associates of a man or a family, it is never difficult for him to gauge the spirit of that man or that family, or their standing in society. And that sort of experience has given rise to, if it does not indeed depend upon, the theory expressed in another old and true saying, applied to human affairs, "Birds of a feather flock together." Now, it is just as easy to come to as safe and correct a conclusion concerning people's spirit and feelings by knowing the character of the literature which they read as by knowing the kind of company they keep.

The reader of any periodical, espe-

cially if it is a publication which sets forth positive views upon any subject, such as politics or religion, for instance, will, perhaps insensibly to himself, be impressed with those views. He will gradually fall into the habit of looking at questions in the light in which they are presented in the printed matter that he reads. Flakes of snow fall gently and silently, but they soon accumulate, and the earth and every other object is covered by them. In like manner the constant reading of newspapers, magazines, or books of a certain character has its effect upon the minds of those who read them; their views and all their conclusions respecting the questions that are discussed in those writings are influenced by that reading.

The effect upon Latter-day Saints of reading what are called anti-Mormon publications is always pernicious. Everyone who has had any experience in the Church has seen the bad results of this. The consequences of such a course of reading are quite as injurious as mingling in the society and making companions of apostates. It is a sure sign of a loss of faith when men choose the companionship of those who are opposed to the Gospel in preference to those who love and are devoted to the Gospel. It is an equally sure sign of danger and a certain precursor of the loss of faith and the Spirit of God, when men or their families read literature that is opposed to the work of God, or the influence of which tends to weaken reverence for God's word or God's authority. No one can take a course of this kind, and pursue it, without endangering his faith; it will inevitably lead to darkness and unbelief.

This course is, doubtless, one of the great causes of the evils of which I speak now, and of which I wrote in the last number of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*

under this heading. Faithful men and women do not fall suddenly without cause into a spirit of unbelief concerning the authority which the Lord has restored to the earth. There is always a reason for such a change, and especially so where the previous lives of those who fall into this way of thinking have been the very opposite in all respects to this mode of thought and action. That cause, if not entirely due to the neglect of keeping in touch with the spirit of the Gospel and of the times, is at least principally due to it. The Saints are in spiritual peril when the publications which are intended for their benefit, for their enlightenment and growth in everything pertaining to the Church of Christ, are neglected, and other literature is substituted therefor.

In making these remarks I would not wish to convey the idea that it is absolutely necessary for the Latter-day Saints to confine themselves to our periodicals alone. I would, however, emphasize the feeling that those periodicals should occupy the first place in the reading of every man in the Church and of his family. The children of the Latter-day Saints should be taught to read Latter-day Saint publications, to draw their inspiration from them, and thereby get broader, better and higher conceptions of the Gospel and its application to their daily lives. In other words, they should be taught to read the works and words of the Latter-day Saints. If they do not read those works and are not brought up in that spirit, it is easy to foresee the consequences—they will grow up unbelievers; having imbibed the spirit of the world, they will be of the world, and the faith of the Gospel that should be in and govern them will have no place in their hearts.

The remarks which apply to children

in this sense apply also to all members of the Church. Experience has proved that men who do not attend meeting, who neglect their duties, who never read the word of God, wither and die spiritually; the Spirit of God withdraws itself from them, and darkness takes possession of them. It is of supreme importance that the Latter-day Saints, if they wish to preserve the faith and have it cherished in their families, give careful consideration to these matters.

The Editor.

WILL MAYNARD'S REWARD,

"HE won't live two months if he stays here. If he goes, the high, dry climate may preserve his life for a year, or perhaps two years."

"But, doctor, to think of having him go so far from me, and in that condition! I might never see him alive again."

"Undoubtedly it is hard, Mrs. Maynard. I can realize your feelings. Still it is the one chance of prolonging his life, and since you cannot go with him, I see no other way for you than to make the sacrifice. As far as nursing is concerned, you can rest assured that he will have the best care; we will devote ourselves to his welfare."

"I am sure of that. It is the certainty of it that alone makes it seem possible to part with him. When—when will you start, Doctor?"

"It will be best to start as soon as possible for Will's sake; possibly at the end of the week, if you can get him ready."

And so it was settled; and on the following Saturday Mrs. Maynard stood with brimming eyes at the door, and bade, she feared, what might be a last farewell to her oldest son, the pale,

young consumptive, who was to make the long journey to Mexico in search of a few months added lease to his doomed life.

There were four of them in the party—Will, Dr. Hale, and his wife and son, the latter a boy of Will's age—the Doctor's family going chiefly on account of Mrs. Hale, who was also an invalid, and believing that the change of scenery and climate might benefit her health, as well as Will's. In Mexico they would have the benefit of the warm climate through the winter, as well as the dry air, supposed to be so beneficial for consumptives.

To Will and Hal the Mexican city was full of enchantment. With the trip in view, both had read up on Mexican history. Henlitt's History of Mexico furnishing them with facts dressed in a charming and fascinating style, and Lew Wallace's book, "The Fair God," giving a tinge of romance to the old city of the Aztecs, that kept their minds busy picturing the scenes and phases of life that characterized the days of the reign of Montezuma. There was the famous spot where occurred the great event known in history as the battle of "Noch Triste," or "Sad Night," when the flower of Spanish chivalry were mowed down like grass in their siege of the chief city of the Aztecs, known then as Tonochtitlan. It was the romantic picturing of the final capture of Montezuma's capital, as portrayed in Lew Wallace's well-known historical novel, that most filled their imaginations, as they saw the ruins of the famous temples where the Aztecs held in idolatry the false gods, whom in their wickedness they had chosen to worship instead of the one true God. It was interesting, too, to visit the cathedrals which the Catholic successors had erected on the site of the old idola-

trous Aztec shrines, many of them containing frescos, paintings, and ancient parchments of rare value. In this old historic place Will almost forgot the sentence that had been pronounced upon him by those who knew the nature of the disease that had fastened upon his frame; but as the novelty of it all wore off, and he had time to again brood and dwell upon his fate, the same old despondency fastened upon him, and by spring time he evinced a decided change for the worse, which greatly alarmed Dr. Hall; but, as to return to Boston meant certain and early death, and no other climate promised as much benefit as the southern one, they decided to stay on, hoping for renewed strength to the sick one. Finally they decided to travel through New Mexico, and the latter part of July saw them in N——, enjoying the hospitality of a pleasant family whom they had met before in their native eastern city. One evening their host, who had taken a great interest in the young invalid, said:

"Do you know, my boy, I believe a trip into the mountains would do you good. I've a mind, if the doctor will consent, to send you up to my mine for a month's outing; the change will help your mind, and the bracing air will build you up."

Will brightened up visibly at the thought, and after talking the matter over, it was arranged that Will, with Hal as a companion, should start for the mine.

In the mountain air Will once more seemed to regain a portion of his old health and spirits, and at the end of two weeks was so much improved that Dr. Hall gave his consent to his taking part in a further tour into the mountains with a party of young college graduates, who were in New Mexico on a geological

survey, but who were also employing spare time in prospecting for something more material than abstract knowledge.

Equipped with an excellent tenting outfit, Will and Hal enjoyed the open-air life in the mountains immensely, the college boys proving to be jolly companions, and the search for geological specimens reviving Will's interest in what had been always an interesting study to him at school.

They stopped at length at a ranch owned by a wealthy cattleman, and the boys enjoyed the experience of seeing the stock lassoed and branded by the Mexican "cow-punchers," the performance furnishing an opportunity for some clever feats in horsemanship and dexterity of arm and hand.

The two boys tried their hand at the difficult exercise, affording at first unconcealed amusement to the professionals, whose delight it was to place the tenderfeet in difficult situations, enjoying hugely the amateurs' efforts to distinguish themselves.

The boys profited so well by a few experiences, however, that the cow-boys gave them praise for their facility, comparing them with advantage with less clever and apt pupils with whom they had had experience. Some of the circumstances that had occurred with the "tenderfeet" from the East had, in fact, been extremely ludicrous.

The novel life had great charm for the boys, and for a time Will experienced the renewal of physical strength and exhilaration of spirit which comes to the consumptive at times, in even the last stages of that dreaded malady. But to his despair, finally, the old exhaustion once more manifested itself, and he was obliged to forego many of the active sports which had brought so much pleasure into his life.

It was one day during one of his most depressed moods that their host planned a hunting trip in the mountains, and Will, knowing that the anxiety which they would all feel for his weak state would be a drawback to the pleasure of the others, decided not to be of the party. Hal insisted upon remaining with him, but to this Will would not listen, finally persuading him to go with the others.

After the party had gone, Will lay upon the couch in his room for a while reading, and then after lunch, as the air grew close, he went out on the veranda and stretched himself in the hammock, swung in the shade, glad to take advantage of whatever breeze was moving.

As he lay in the cushioned net reading a volume upon the ancient Aztec races, footsteps sounded around the corner of the house, near at hand, and presently voices reached him, sounding in a low monotone from the side of the building nearest him. Low as were the voices, however, he distinguished them as three of the hired men about the place, two of them Mexicans, and the third a Texan, whose dark skin gave him the appearance of a half-breed. All of them were of the roughest type, and it was whispered by some of the more decent men about the ranch that earning a livelihood by honest toil was a new occupation for the three, as stories were afloat as to their having indulged in more hazardous enterprises as a means of living.

The shady place where they now sat was a favorite loafing spot for the men when not working, and as Mr. Miles, the owner of the ranch, and the more conscientious of the hired men were with the hunting party, they were free to loaf and talk as they pleased.

"You better see that nobody's around," Will heard one of the Mexicans say suddenly, and the next moment one of the trio came to the corner and looked round on the veranda.

"Nobody there," Will heard him say as he rejoined his companions. "All 'em gone but sick boy. He up a stair sick abed. No hear not a theeng."

Will closed his book, his ears keenly alert for what might follow this suspicious display of caution. His curiosity was soon satisfied. In the low-toned conversation which reached his ears Will easily gathered enough to convince him that the rascally trio had a dark scheme afoot, their snatches of talk leaving him in no doubt as to its nature. Some five miles distant was a small ranch owned by a Mormon settler, which besides answering as a home for the man and his wife, was also the only store, telegraph office, and post-office in the locality. The plan of the three was to steal away from the ranch that night during the absence of Mr. Miles and the rest of the hunting party, make a raid on the lonely Mormon farmer and rob the post-office and store, returning in time to show themselves at home before daybreak the next morning, so that no suspicion might attach to themselves in connection with the robbery.

"Suppose he show fight?" Will heard one of the Mexicans ask. "We mebba no git back befo' boss he come."

"If he shows fight, we'll give him more'n he wants," the Texan replied. "A dose of cold lead will settle that difficulty."

"But if we killa him, we have heapa trouble. No so easy hide murder"

"Shucks! get into trouble for killin' a Mormon? Not much. I wouldn't think no more of killin' one of 'em than I would a horse or cow. There ain't any-

body goin' to trouble 'emselves over the killin' of a Mormon."

"But he keepa post-office. Government bound to kick up a heapa fuss."

"Well, if the government can't find out who was in the deal, what do we care for the fuss it makes. There ain't a soul round the ranch that'd peach on us, 'cept the boy, and he's too sick to trouble 'bout anything that's goin' on.

For a half hour longer the three sat discussing the details of the scheme, while Will lay listening with bated breath, fearful lest a motion might reveal his presence to the plotters.

Not until the men had withdrawn to their work in the stables, and he was once more in his own room, did he try to formulate a plan of action, and even then he found few materials to work upon. The only ones about the place beside himself were the kitchen help, and these, after what the Texan had intimated, Will did not dare to trust.

To steal away at the present moment would be out of the question, as the long walk in the hot sun would be impossible to his feeble strength. The other chance that remained was to wait until night-fall, and then under cover of the darkness make an effort to obtain a horse from the stables and try to reach the post-office before the others. This was the only feasible means, in reality, and with it he was forced to be content.

Going upstairs, after eating a slight meal, he waited till the gathering darkness deepened enough to conceal his movements, and then stole out to the stables. Upon nearing the spot he found to his consternation that the men themselves were sitting outside the doors, it being a habit with many of them to lounge about on the ground outside the building till bedtime. This disposed effectually of his chance of

obtaining a horse, as he would not dare delay his going longer on the slender possibility of their moving from the spot.

The only thing that remained was to walk the distance, and with a doubtful thought as to his meagre strength, Will crept stealthily down through the big gates that opened from the ranch and started upon his hazardous errand.

That lonely journey over the rough canyon road through the darkness Will can never forget. It was with barely breath enough to tell his story that he at length entered the house of the man he had come to save.

"Try your machine and see if the telegraph line is down," Will gasped, as John Newcome and his wife began quietly to fasten and to barricade the doors and windows. He had forgotten till the instant that it had been a part of the concocted scheme to cut off communication with the nearest telegraph station, therefore obviating the chance of a descent upon them by the sheriff of the county, before they could accomplish their work and escape.

"I'll fasten up first, in case they should be close upon your track," Newcome said. "They could ride faster than you have come, and may be here any moment."

It did not take long to do the work, and then the post-master sat down and called the next station.

"It's all right," he said over his shoulder to Will. "I guess they haven't left the ranch yet; the wire is up. If they delay starting for a little time yet, it may give the sheriff time to get here with his men. We will see what we can do to detain them a while in any event," he continued, tapping away on the instrument as he talked. "I have guns and ammunition about the place.

and while I shan't try to kill anybody, I shan't let 'em kill me, if I can help it."

Finishing his message, he went into the garret and brought down three guns and a number of powder and bullet pouches.

"I've got one for each of us," he said. "Not that I'm going to ask you to take part in this, my boy, nor you, Lizzie," to his wife; "but to be ready to defend yourself in case the rascals manage to get in."

Stationing his wife in the kitchen to watch the rear of the house, he took his place at the front window, raising the blind enough to look out. Will still lay on the sofa in the same room, where Newcome had placed him, to recover as much as possible from his long walk.

"Here they are," John Newcome whispered, taking up the gun he had placed beside him, "and now, my boy, I want you to go into the next room out of range of bullets."

But Will was not inclined to play that part. Instead, he rose, and taking the gun Newcome had placed at his disposal, took his place at the latter's side.

"It looks as if there's more than the three," Newcome whispered, glancing out where the men were dismounting in the front yard.

A moment later a rap sounded at the door, and Will's heart began to beat fast. "Newcome," called a voice, as no one answered.

Newcome started up from the floor where he had been crouching.

"As true as I live, I believe it's the sheriff," he exclaimed excitedly. "Is that Bill Lawson's voice?" he called out.

"It ain't anybody else's, unless someun's took a mortgage on it without my knowledge," said the voice outside.

In an instant John Newcome swung open the door, catching the hand of the man outside in a hearty hand-clasp.

"I never knew Bill Lawson to be behind time in my life," he said, "but I confess that I didn't for an instant dream you could keep up the record tonight. I was afraid it would be all up with us before you'd had time to start, to say nothing of reaching here."

"Have they gone?" asked the sheriff disappointedly.

"They haven't appeared yet. We're just waiting for them."

Lawson chuckled in delight.

"I only hope they won't change their mind," he said. "We'll catch 'em like rats in a trap."

And so they did. When the three would-be robbers arrived, they were surrounded so suddenly and unexpectedly that there was no chance for even a show of resistance, and in fifteen minutes they were riding away towards the seat of the county jail, in custody of the officers.

"Lawson, I want Henry Wilton to stay here tonight, if you don't need him," John Newcome said, as the sheriff bade him good night. "It's not because I fear anything, Henry," Newcome said, as his friend came in the house after putting his horse in the barn; "it's because I want you to help me do something for this boy. He has done a brave deed tonight at the sacrifice of his health and strength, and I have faith that, if he is willing to receive it, the Lord will give him a blessing."

Will looked at the speaker in wonder.

"You don't understand, my boy, I know, and I am going to explain. Did you know that we are Mormons?" he asked quietly.

"I know that you are," answered Will.

"We are both Mormons, and we both believe and know that the Lord is willing and glad to reward such sacrifice and mercy as you have shown tonight.

I need not ask what gift would be dearest to you; a young fellow like you don't ask much more than health and strength and a chance for a useful life."

The tears came into Will's eyes. "If I could only get well," he commenced, and then stopped, a great lump in his throat choking his utterance.

"My boy," said Newcome earnestly, "I have the faith to promise you that if you will join with us in calling upon the Lord in prayer, He will restore you to health and strength."

Again Will gazed at him in wonder, and seeing it, the two Mormon Elders explained the most beautiful tenet of their creed: that the sick may be healed through faith, and new and strange as it all was to the boy, yet so solemnly and earnestly did they declare their faith that he seemed to catch the very spirit of their inspiration, and when John Newcome and his friend took their hands from his head, after the fervent blessing had been pronounced upon him, he knew in that instant he was healed.

"I would deny it with joy, if I could," said Dr. Hall a month later, as they all sat talking it over with Will's mother in the cosy home in Boston. "I knew what his condition was though at the time, and it would be lying in the face of absolute knowledge to say that the boy's healing was anything but a miracle."

"But how do you account for it, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Maynard earnestly. "I know, of course, that the New Testament says that all that believe on His name shall be healed; but you know how fervently I and all my church have prayed for Will's recovery."

"The problem is just there," answered the Doctor solemnly; "their prayers and not ours were answered."

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, FEB. 15, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE GOSPEL.—ITS FRUITS.

THE influence of the Gospel has wrought a wonderful change upon the people who have obeyed it and the Church which the Lord has established. We have in Utah, and in some of the adjacent states and territories, a good many members of the Church. Many of them have come from foreign lands and from different nations. But though they are strangers to each other there is a oneness a union and a love among them that is very wonderful when they are brought together. They may be living hundreds of miles apart—some in Canada, some in Mexico, some in settlements in Utah or Arizona or New Mexico—yet when they come together in general conference in this city, they are no longer strangers; they have one faith, one hope and are laboring for one object. They have a love for one another that is far beyond anything known elsewhere among mankind.

This is a feature in the character of the Latter-day Saints that makes them unlike all other people.

If all mankind possessed this spirit what a great change would be wrought in the earth! If men would obey the Gospel, they would possess this spirit. It is a spirit which mankind will enjoy to a far greater extent during the Millennium. The Gospel has been restored to prepare the inhabitants of the earth for the millennium. In order that all may have an opportunity of hearing and obeying the Gospel, the servants of

the Lord are sent forth with the message. Those whom they meet are invited to obey the truth and forsake all their sins. With this invitation there is a warning: those who reject the message stand in danger of being destroyed. The Lord is about to pour out great judgments and calamities upon the wicked and those who reject His Gospel will be in great danger of the punishment which the Lord has threatened to visit upon the ungodly.

Many people ask for signs to prove that this is the work of the Lord and they close their eyes to the evidence which is before them. It is a great evidence of the truth of the Gospel to see the change that takes place in the people who join the Church; they are born again, they become new creatures in the Lord; a love takes possession of them which they never knew before. They love their brothers and sisters in the Church with an affection entirely new to them; they leave their old homes, their kindred and break up their old associations in the lands where they receive the Gospel and move to Zion to be in the society of the Saints.

What a grand sight this is, to see people come from all parts of the earth to dwell in Zion and to have the society of the Saints! It is not the power of man that does this. It would be impossible for any human being, or any number of them, to cause men and women to act in such a manner and to have such feelings. Nothing less than the power of God could accomplish this. A mighty miracle is being performed in the eyes of all nations in the gathering of the Latter-day Saints.

Although this is a great evidence of the truth of this being the work of the Lord, yet this is not the only evidence. The great evidence of its being the

work of the Lord is seen in the fruits which the people bring forth. Union, love and peace prevail among all genuine Latter-day Saints. Where they live as they should do, we can see the beginning of that spirit and feeling which will prevail during the millennium.

Our children should be taught the great difference there is in this respect between the work of God and His holy Church and the churches of men.

WHEN the Lord Jesus was arrested before His crucifixion, there was a garment of His for which the Roman soldiers cast lots in order that it might not be divided. It has been claimed for centuries that this "seamless coat" is still in existence.

In the fourth century, in the time of Constantine the Great, his mother the Empress Helena, it is claimed, discovered this coat in Palestine, and on her return to Europe she presented it to the church at Treves. Pilgrimages are made to that church by pious Catholics, out of veneration for that garment, and miracles are said to have been wrought through it.

But there is another church which claims to have in its possession the seamless garment for which the Roman soldiers cast lots. This church is in a small town to the northwest of Paris, named Argenteuil. Of this garment the whole of the left sleeve is missing, and a great piece has been taken out of the same side. The garment is about five feet long by three and a half feet wide, and is handwoven and made of camel's hair. The tradition connected with this relic is like the Treves tradition. It is said this was purchased by our Lord's disciples after the crucifixion, and after passing through several hands it was

given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne. This was about eight hundred years after the birth of the Savior. He presented it to the convent of Argenteuil, of which one of his daughters was Abbess.

Not only do these two churches claim to have this garment, but it is said that sixteen other churches claim to have genuine seamless coats. There is a great anxiety on the part of many of these Catholic churches to draw attention and pilgrimages to their shrines by setting forth that they possess different relics of the Savior and of the Saints. There are fourteen "true nails" said to be still in existence, every one of which, it is claimed, was used in fastening our Lord to the cross. Of course, these most likely are all spurious. There are preserved, also, so it is said, four spears, all of which pierced our Lord's side, though that side was only pierced once. The head of the Apostle John is declared to be preserved at the monastery of St. Sylvester at Rome. It is claimed that another head of his is at Amiens, and another at Arras, and still another at St. John d'Angely. But from the revelation of the Lord in our day to His Church we know that the head of the Apostle John is still on his own shoulders; in other words, that he has not yet tasted death.

COMPLAINTS are being made that the English Bible societies, which boast about the large number of Bibles they send out, are guilty of resorting to what is called "sweating" to get their books printed and bound at the lowest possible price. An English paper has taken this question up, and says that the Secretary of the Bookbinders' Trade Union has made some damaging statements concerning

the method that is adopted. Cheap Bibles are largely produced by underpaid labor, it is said, in Scotland. For the binding of Bibles in London men are paid not less than thirty-two shillings per week; whereas in Scotland, where the work is almost entirely done by women, their weekly wages range from four shillings to ten shillings. It is stated that if there is one branch of industry in which Christian principles should prevail and from which "sweating" should be entirely absent, it is that which has to do with the manufacture and production of Bibles. In bringing them out it is surely an odious sin to treat with disdain the maxim that the laborer is worthy of his hire, which is solemnly set forth for the observance of the employers.

There is a tendency everywhere to get everything done at the lowest possible price, and to pinch workmen in their wages. Competition runs very high, and we see some of the effects of it in our own community. No matter how the workmen are squeezed, every kind of work must be done at the lowest possible price. We have seen illustrations of this in reports that come to us concerning how cheap the Book of Mormon can be published in other places than in Zion; so also with the Voice of Warning, tracts, and other publications. Where there is a spirit of this kind, somebody must suffer; workmen must be underpaid, or some other method must be adopted to bring things down to the very lowest possible price. The same criticism that is made about cheap Bibles and the method by which the cheapness is reached will apply to the word of God which is sent forth by our Church.

BE tolerant even with the intolerant.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

SUNDAY, February 27th, is Mercy Day. Let no Superintendent of our Sunday Schools forget it. In each and every school a lesson of kindness to all living creatures should be impressed upon the hearts of the children. Those who talk on the subject should be simple, direct, interesting, and withal not long; yet giving, if possible, some anecdote or story showing examples of kindness and mercy. In number two of the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR we quoted some passages of Scripture bearing on these points. We now add a few others:

The whole of Psalm 104 can be read with profit in the departments where the scholars can appreciate its beauties.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother.

And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it unto thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.—*Deut. 22: 1, 2, 4.*

If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him.—*Ex. 23: 5.*

And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?—*Num. 22: 28.*

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—*Matt. 2: 7.*

And he said unto them, What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will not lay hold on it, and lift it out?—*Matt. 12: 11.*

THERE is less misery in being cheated than in that kind of wisdom which perceives, or thinks it perceives, that all mankind are cheats.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

King Benjamin's Last Address.

BENJAMIN, son of Mosiah, was the second king who reigned over the people in the land of Zarahemla. He was one of the best kings that ever lived on the earth, and his subjects were very happy. They greatly increased in numbers, and as they were industrious and frugal, and above all, as the blessing of the Lord was upon them, they quickly grew rich. They lived in a very beautiful region; the climate was healthful and the ground yielded heavy crops of grain and fruit.

But they did not have peace all the time. More than once the armies of the Lamanites came down out of the land of Nephi to fight with the people of King Benjamin. But he gathered his soldiers and led them to battle against the Lamanites, whom he drove out of all the lands possessed by the Nephites into their own country. In these wars many thousands of the Lamanites were slain. King Benjamin, at these times, used to carry the sword of Laban, which Nephi brought from Jerusalem, and with it he himself killed many of the Lamanites.

But this was not all. The Nephites had trouble among themselves. They were taught by their prophets that in God's due time, Christ, His Son, would come into the world, but they did not know how long it would be.

In Benjamin's days many false Christs arose. That is, men came who pretended to be the Christ, and they led the people into sin. False prophets also appeared, who prophesied lies, and in this way deceived the people. But King Benjamin and other true servants of God taught the people the truth and the mouths of these false

Christs and false prophets were closed, and those of them who had committed crimes were punished.

The Book of Mormon tells us that Benjamin was a holy man. One night when he was asleep an angel came to him from God. The angel said to him, Awake. Benjamin awoke, and he saw the angel standing near him. Then the angel told the king that he had come to bring him glad tidings of great joy, which he might tell to his people also. Those glad tidings were that the time was not far distant when God would come down from heaven and dwell for a time on earth among the children of men. That He would be like other men, having a body as we all have. That He would go forth doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, giving the blind their sight, causing the lame to walk, and curing all manner of diseases. He would also cast out the evil spirits which dwell in the hearts of the wicked. But alas, those to whom He came would be so cruel and so hard-hearted that they would not listen to what He said; and, at last, they would take Him and scourge or whip Him, and then crucify Him, that is, slay Him by nailing Him to a cross; but on the third day He would rise from the dead and become the judge of all men. The angel also told King Benjamin that the name of the mother of the Son of God would be Mary.

Benjamin afterwards told all this good news to His people. He sent for his son Mosiah, who was named after his grandfather, and told him to gather all the people the next day to the Temple. This Mosiah did, and the people came with their families and their tents. They pitched their tents round about the Temple, each tent having its door towards that sacred building. As all

the people could not get inside the Temple, Benjamin had a tower built outside, from which he talked to them. But they numbered so many that all could not hear what he said, so he had his words written and sent among them.

form, the death He should suffer, and the blessings that would come to mankind through His death. When the people heard his words their hearts were touched. They repented of their sins, the Spirit of God fell upon them



KING BENJAMIN ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE OF NEPHI.

Benjamin told the people their duty to God and to each other. He preached the Gospel to them, and repeated the words of the angel regarding the coming of the Savior, the work He should per-

and they no longer wished to do evil, but all their desires were to do good. Then they made a covenant with God to do His will and keep His laws, and Benjamin gave them a new name, even

the name of Christ, and they from that time became the children of Christ, His sons and daughters. Then King Benjamin had the names taken of those who entered into this covenant to serve God, and it was found that all the people, except the little children, had done so.

In our picture we see King Benjamin addressing the people outside the temple in the city of Zarahemla. Near him stands his son Mosiah, while a scribe near by is taking down the king's words. From this story we learn how great a blessing it is to any people to be ruled by righteous men, especially by those whom God appoints and who hold the holy priesthood.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That Benjamin, son of Mosiah, was the second king who reigned over the Nephites in Zarahemla. That he was a very good man and his reign was a long one. That many false Christs and false prophets appeared among the people in his day. That the mouths of these false teachers were closed by the preaching of the truth. That an angel appeared to King Benjamin and told him of the coming of the Son of God to dwell among men. That this angel explained to Benjamin the great work that Christ would do in His life and the blessings that would result to mankind from His death. That when very old Benjamin called his people together near the Temple in the city of Zarahemla and gave them his parting address. That he then preached the gospel to them, told them of the message the angel bore, and had them make covenant with God to keep His commandments. That when the people had done this Benjamin gave them a new name, that of Christ: they thus became the people of Christ. That Benjamin,

also, at this time, appointed his son Mosiah to be king in his stead. That it is a great blessing to a people to be ruled by righteous men, especially by those who are the servants of God.

A RACE AGAINST ODDS.

FOR some months before Custer's fatal battle at the Rosebud, the territory surrounding the Black Hills was so infested with hostile bands of Indians that it was not safe for whites to approach the mining region except in large and well-armed parties. Numerous narrow escapes have been recorded, but many desperate adventures occurred no accounts of which have ever been published.

This story is an instance in point. Early in the spring of 1876, John Anson, a young settler from Southern Nebraska, left a wife and two small children at his homestead and joined a large party of miners and adventurers who had gathered at Sidney in that state—a party so formidable in numbers, and so well armed and led, that it came through to French Creek in safety. There John Anson parted company with the expedition—it was bound for Deadwood, which had just begun to be heard of—and joined some prospectors near Custer's Gulch.

He had been at work for three weeks when a party came from the south, in which were two of his former neighbors, who told him that when they left, nine days before, diphtheria was raging in their neighborhood; that his younger child had died, and that the other, and also his wife, were very ill with the disease.

Anson was a man of most affectionate nature. Nothing had sent him forth from home except the hope to better the

future of his family; he had been sternly bearing up under homesickness that tore hungrily at his heart, and he would have gone crazy had he tried to hold out against the impulse to hasten back to his wife and the little golden-haired girl who might still be alive.

To try the backward way alone was to run many chances of death for one of escape, but his life was as nothing to the imperative call of his soul. Back he would go, and that same evening hour which brought him the dreadful tidings saw him on his way.

He was mounted on a tough, wiry pony, for which he had given everything he possessed, except what the pony carried. With only the clothes that he wore, a pair of blankets, three days' provisions, his long-range Winchester and one hundred cartridges, he started to make the trip. He rode for the Cheyenne River, thirty miles distant, as his first stage.

In the tall grass of the river bottom he picketed his pony, then spread his blankets at daybreak and was soon sleeping soundly; for this man was no weak degenerate who could be distracted by mental suffering from the acts necessary to success in his desperate enterprise. He must sleep to keep his power of riding and fighting, and sleep he did as if with iron resolution.

The sun showed that the time was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when Anson was roused by the shrill whinnying of his pony. He sat up and saw Buckskin, with head high, gazing toward the western hills. There a number of horsemen had halted upon a rise across the river, and were looking intently in his direction. They were Indians.

At first Anson guessed they must have thought that an Indian had made a lone

camp or stopped to stalk game. But a moment later he saw they grasped the situation; for he had scarcely risen to his feet when they spurred their beasts down into the valley toward him. There were thirteen of them, and his case was plainly desperate.

He was at a loss for some seconds whether to stand and fight or to run, but as the long grass would give them cover to approach him, he determined finally to escape by riding. He set about saddling his pony, which was so nervous and uneasy that it nearly broke away from him while he was tightening the cinches. When he had mounted, the Indians were within a half-mile of him, and he already faintly heard their yells at his preparation for flight. They were Sioux, and he knew they "meant business."

He wondered grimly how many of them would be left to transact this "business" when they should have closed in on John Anson--him who would be defending himself in the hope of reaching his wife and his little Alice, and the grave of his dead baby.

To his satisfaction, he found his pony seemingly as fresh as if it had not been ridden for a week. He saw that the reputation of Doge's Buckskin for speed and endurance was deserved, and he patted the neck of the little fellow as kindly as if his own soul was clear of trouble. Buckskin tossed his head with delight, and snorted, "br-r r-rm!" as if exulting that the time had come to prove his mettle as it had never been proved before.

Anson, although he had not until that day had an actual fight with Indians, had more than once been in danger from them. As he had often hunted buffalo, elk and antelope, he could use a rifle effectively from horseback. His Win-

chester was of the largest calibre, and his cartridges were fresh. If he could secure a position sheltering him on one side, he might hope to beat off the small band now hot upon his trail.

But he knew that the canyons and "breaks" of White River, which lay in front, were swarming with Sioux, lying in wait for stragglers or small parties of whites then making for the "Hills."

Moreover, the agency Indians at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail on either hand were almost as hostile and as dangerous as the Sioux.

He had planned to lie close in the Cheyenne valley that day, and to ride through this particularly perilous region during the coming night. A stage trail with guarded stations led toward Sidney, but he had left it about midnight for the most direct route toward his wife and child. Now he had no choice but to ride straight forward or stop and fight at disadvantage.

As he spurred Buckskin forward, he often glanced back over his shoulder. He saw the Indians dip out of sight into the bed of the Cheyenne. He saw them rise up again like a flock of wild ducks. Now he heard prolonged yells above the hoof-beats of his pony, as the savages galloped through the long grass of the valley.

They seemed to be gaining on him, and yet he did not wish to push Buckskin to his utmost until he might fairly hope to dodge the enemy among the breaks of White River or the canyon of the Running Water. That, he might hope to do if he did not encounter another band. He determined to fight as he ran. So, as he rode out of the valley along the slope of the bordering high lands, he turned in his saddle and fired at the squad of savages whose ponies were bobbing up and down through the

tall grass like a lot of jack-rabbits. He judged them to be nearly half a mile distant.

As their keen eyes caught sight of the puff of smoke from his rifle they scattered and spread out, fanlike. A second later, a dozen white puffs rose from their breech-loaders, and several little spouts of dust, knocked up along the side hills about him, told of the effectiveness of the rifles with which the United States government had furnished them.

Had he been at a halt they might have hit him, and yet he felt he must halt to shoot well and get the full benefit of his superior weapon.

Now he looked forward grimly to the end of the chase. It came to him that if he knew his wife and his other child at home were dead of that terrible disease he should delight to face squarely about at once, and fight as long as life and ammunition held out. But he did not know this, so he kept on steadily toward home.

He felt pestered, goaded, fierce, but still cool and wary. He would not by any miscalculation imperil his poor chances of reaching his wife and little Alice; he would run wisely till his judgment told him he must stop and shoot—then woe to the nearest of the yelling foe!

The pace soon carried him to the high cactus-sprinkled plateau which separated the valleys of the Cheyenne and White rivers. Then he saw for miles on every hand gray plains to the right, the precipitous breaks of White River in front looming upon the opposite side of its valley, and the clearly defined outlines of Crow Buttes far to the left. No Indians were in sight except those behind him.

It was about noon; the day was bright. His race for life would be

noted by any war-parties on the plain within six miles. He knew well how hopeless his case would prove should any Indians be where they could cut off his advance.

He continued to scan the level plains anxiously, and once was startled for an instant by the sight of several crows flapping along near the horizon far in front of him. It is amazing that large birds flying on the sky-line look and move so much like galloping Indian horsemen.

An hour or more wore on, and the Sioux had gained only slightly upon him. They had perceived that he was well mounted, and had settled down to a long chase. Anson knew something of their persistent, savage patience.

Brave little Buckskin as yet held up stoutly under the strain of swift riding, but Anson resolved to lighten the pony's load. He cut loose his blankets, stowed his cartridges, some biscuit and dried beef in his coat pockets, and flung blankets and saddle-bag away.

Soon a chorus of shriller, longer yells reached him from the rear. The Sioux had jumped to the conclusion that his horse was breaking down. They began urging their ponies to their utmost speed, and gained rapidly. As their beasts had started upon the race fresher than his hard-ridden Buckskin, he realized that they might soon come close enough to shoot at him effectively. The time had come!

Anson drew rein abruptly, dismounted, and with the cool, deadly rage of a born fighting man standing righteously on his defence, brought his fifty-calibre Winchester to his shoulder. He expected the band to halt, but they only scattered out somewhat, and the swiftest ponies darted ahead.

The foremost Indian was now within

seven hundred yards, as Anson judged. Low on the neck of his pony lay the savage, plying his quirt with one hand. Behind him swarmed the crowd, yelling to keep up their own courage and to unsettle that of the whiteman.

Anson spoke soothingly to the restless pony, put the reins around one ankle, raised his gun-sight for four hundred yards, and dropped on one knee.

The foremost rider was now so near that Anson could make out the lower parts of his calico shirt and distinguish its color as it flapped and fluttered about his thighs. The white man drew a steady bead. Two seconds later and both Indian and pony rolled upon the ground.

The express bullet, if Anson's aim had been altogether true, must have bored through the beast's neck and through the body of its rider. At any rate, neither of them rose again.

Throwing another cartridge into the rifle-barrel, Anson aimed at the next Indian, who had jerked his pony to an abrupt halt, and sat bolt upright, seemingly unaware of his own danger in the surprise of the moment. An ounce-and-a-quarter ball knocked him out of his saddle before he had time to recover himself.

In a twinkling the others scattered widely apart, drew rein, dismounted and began firing from behind their ponies. Their bullets skipped and whistled and sung spitefully over Anson's head as they fired hurriedly. But he now felt that his chances of getting home had improved. He was almost out of their range, they were well within his, and he was not shooting to miss.

He was very cool and careful. A pony went down under his third heavy bullet and the rider scurried away to the shelter of a small mound. The

fourth stopped an Indian in the act of firing under his animal's neck.

With a certain wild impulse of love for his good long-range rifle, Anson threw open the lever for his fifth shot. But he did not speed the bullet. He wished to kill no man except in defence of his own life, and now the Sioux had sprung to their ponies and were racing out of range.

The Indian behind the mound, however, held his position and kept on firing. Anson turned his gun that way. But then he observed how far short the Sioux bullet fell. Evidently the man was armed with nothing better than a carbine. Anson rose to his feet without firing and examined his pony.

Finding Buckskin unharmed, the marksman mounted and rode on toward White River at a jog-trot, hoping he had taught the band of Indians a lesson that would keep them at a distance until he could give them the slip.

Thinking of his wife and child devoutly, Anson regarded his escape almost as a direct interposition of God in his behalf. More than a hundred shots must have been fired at him; the Indians must have been within five hundred yards of him; and he thought it wonderful that neither he nor his pony had been hit, although he knew how few marksmen can shoot with accuracy at such a range.

After Anson had ridden a short distance, the Indians came forward to the place where they had fought. He watched them over his shoulder, as they dismounted and grouped themselves around one or another of the fallen. They seemed to intend to follow him no farther, and he concluded he might hope to get safely out of that dangerous region in the darkness of the coming night. After a time he again looked

back toward the Sioux, and was amazed to see only the bleak prairie. The Indians had utterly vanished.

How had they gone? And where? Back, Anson decided, and into some ravine which his eye had missed, for he judged he was now nearly upon the middle of the divide between the Cheyenne and the White River.

Anson jogged on for some distance with a feeling of extreme uneasiness. There was something ominous in that sudden disappearance of the Indians. His eye roved continually over the plain on all sides of him. Had they dropped into some hidden ravine that intercepted his route? Perhaps they were gone to arouse other camps of Sioux not far distant. At any rate he should ride faster. As the slow trot had relieved his pony, which seemed still in good condition, he spurred forward now at a canter.

Half an hour passed away and still no sign of Indians! He was now moving down the slope toward White River, and had begun to feel less alert, when his roving glance struck what seemed a little ridge not two hundred yards to his right hand. He rode toward it and saw that it was indeed, as he had suspected, a gash in the plain, a hidden ravine, stretching, insinuating and treacherous, beside his line of retreat.

Now he knew what had become of the Indians. This ravine must lead back close to the place where he had fought them; they had taken to its cover; they were hotly after him and looking for a chance to shoot him from behind the wall of the gash. He must get beyond range of its edge.

Anson veered off instantly and rode to the northeast, determined to hold that direction until across White River, but he had not ridden a half-mile in

the new direction before coming upon the head of another abrupt, ditch-like ravine, which ran descending to the north.

Anson halted a moment and stared warily about him. A drop in front of the general level showed the trace of still another canyon, parallel to the course he had ridden that day, running to the valley of White River. He was between two ravines, and the Sioux were doubtless in both of them.

Anson saw no way left but to make his race down the divide; so he turned his horse directly toward White River and galloped on for dear life. The savages intended to catch him either while crossing one of these ravines or at the mouth of it. They were probably in advance, but he might still get ahead by a burst of speed.

The country, growing rougher as he approached the river valley, made hard running for his pony, but he kept little Buckskin at his best pace for the next twenty minutes, and then plunged down into the broad level land with deep relief, as he had left the mouths of the canyons on either hand. Again he felt that strange sense of having been befriended by Providence, and now his hope to reach home rose high.

He had not ridden five hundred yards into the valley when he heard faint yells. Turning, he saw the enemy come tearing out of the nearest canyon. On seeing him they shouted defiance and disappointment, and fired scattering shots as they rode along the slope of the bluff. When he dismounted to answer them, they hurried back into the mouth of the ravine. Anson rode on again, and saw no more of the savages, and he did not encounter any others that afternoon. He crossed White River, made his way safely through the cavernous

and precipitous breaks upon the other side, and camped to rest himself and his weary pony.

That night, as he had now no provision for a ride directly across the country, he made a detour and reached the stage rode to Sidney. From there he took the longer and safer route home, which he finally reached to find that his wife and surviving child were entirely recovered.

F. W. Calkins in Youth's Companion.

ALMA'S VALENTINE FOR AUNT LIBBIE.

"You will come up, both of you tomorrow, won't you? And come early, so we shall have time for a good talk," said Mrs. Mary Makehome to her mother and sister, as she tied on little Beth's hood preparatory to leaving those to whom the remark was addressed.

"We will, unless something happens to prevent," replied Mary's mother, wrapping the three-months-old baby up snugly and reaching him to Aunt Libbie to be placed in his perambulator.

Aunt Libbie kissed baby Don a couple of dozen times, more or less, making him laugh and kick in her arms, and then was about to lay him in his carriage when as if by magic, the carriage was rolled quickly out of her reach.

"You naughty Alma! You bring our carriage home right straight or you'll catch it!" called out Aunt Libbie, pretending to scold, but laughing instead, when she saw her six-year-old nephew trying to hide under the perambulator while he rolled it out of her way.

"Alma, behave yourself. We are going now," said Mrs. Makehome.

But the little boy, encouraged in his sport by Aunt Libbie's running after the carriage while he whirled it swiftly about, did not hear, or at least did not

heed his mother. Leaving her sister to have a romp with the children, Mary sat down by her mother and said wearily, "I am utterly tired out, mother! Life actually seems to me to be fast becoming unbearable! Alma worries me with his mischief, and teases Beth, keeping her in a constant fret about something or other, until I am half beside myself sometimes. I wish you would tell me what to do."

Mrs. Goodall took her daughter's hand consolingly in her own, and said cheerfully, "You must remember that the first and best lesson to learn is, under all circumstances, the power of self-control; that 'all wise government begins with self-government.' I am afraid, my daughter, that being worried and nervous, you scold Alma too much. If this is the case, you injure both yourself and your children by such a course. I think you expect too much of your little ones. Remember how far we older people are from the perfect pattern which has been set for us, by which we have hoped to shape our lives; and how long a time we have had in which to be learning, compared to that of six-year-old Alma or three-year-old Beth. Do not be so anxious about the conduct and the improvement of your children as to neglect your own self-culture. You must—"

"Oh, for mercy sake, Mary!" screamed Lib, "come and get the baby; these little outlaws will kill him and me too!"

And Aunt Libbie rolled on the floor, with Don in her arms, and Alma and Beth tumbling over her and each other, all in a paroxysm of laughter.

Mary caught up the baby, pulled Beth off, and was about to shake her well and begin scolding Alma when she recollected the words her mother had just said to her, and restrained herself.

"All wise government begins with self-

government," she repeated to herself. And then she remembered also that her sister, although a woman, was quite as much to blame as the children were for the racket and rollicking which had been going on. She saw now that what her mother had said was all true, and having some of her mistakes pointed out to her, she began to feel that she should in future be more successful than she had been in training her children.

"I think you might give me one of these babies," said Libbie, when Mary and the children were ready to start for home. "You have more than you can manage, and I have none; and I don't think it's fair. By bye till tomorrow," and Aunt Libbie threw kisses after them, and Alma and Beth kissed their mittens and threw back in return.

"Why don't Aunt Libbie have any babies, mamma?" asked Alma, trudging manfully beside his mother, and trying to help push the perambulator which contained both Beth and Don.

His efforts to help resulted only in hindrance; and but for the memory of her mother's words, Mary's nervousness would have caused her to speak sharply to her little son, and perhaps to have slapped his hand to make him keep it off the carriage. But she remembered, and said softly:

"You carry the umbrella, can you, dear, and mamma can push the carriage all right."

He took the umbrella his mother handed him with a glad little chuckle, but said immediately afterward, "Aunt Libbie wants a baby, mamma. Why don't you give her one of yours?"

"Which one, Alma? You?" asked Mamma Makehome.

"N-no, not me," answered Alma. "Papa wouldn't let me be Aunt Libbie's boy; papa wants me."

"Mamma wants you too," said his mother. "And what about Beth and Don? Don't we want them?" "Yes," said Alma decidedly. "We want Beth and Don. Aunt Libbie can't have one of them; but what will we do for her?"

Next morning loud knocks at the door startled Alma out of his sleep earlier than usual. It was some of his little neighbors with valentines for him and Beth who made the noise. His papa could not help him hurry into his clothes fast enough to suit his eagerness; mamma's services had to be enlisted also. It was St. Valentine's day, and the bright little boy wanted to get all he could out of it.

As he bounded out of doors and began snatching up the valentines that lay scattered about, Cabe South, the little newsboy, called to him from the gate:

"Alma, the Saires are moving; they are going back to Ireland, or somewhere; they don't like here. Come over and see what lots of traps they've got."

It was only half a block and around the corner, and Alma didn't stop to get his cap or mittens, or to ask mamma if he might go. He just ran after Cabe, and in three minutes, or about that length of time, he stood in the presence of the Saires family, who, as Caleb South had said, were moving.

Traps? You would have thought so. Piles and bundles of different things heaped up everywhere; some to be taken and some to be sold, and some mere rubbish to be left as it laid.

But what attracted Alma's attention was a strange little roll of something on the floor behind a lot of boxes and chairs. Unlike the bundles around it, that one moved slightly, and one end of it tried to raise up every now and then; and when Alma got pushed along near

to it he saw that a pair of very blue eyes looked softly up at him out of the bundle.

Mrs. Saires came near where Alma stood watching the strange bundle.

"Ye bit of a mint!" she said to it. "Ye are a love of a honey, ivery inch of ye; and yet, if I knowed how to do it honorable, I'd lave ye with these ither useless articles; I would an sure!"

"Here's the papers you wanted for wrapping, Mrs. Saires," said Caleb, edging his way to the lady with a bundle of papers.

"Ye're a good, true boy, ye are, and here's yer money," said the woman, paying Caleb for the papers she had ordered.

"Cabe," whispered Alma, "did Mrs. Saires say she was going to leave that baby here?"

"Said she would if she could honorably," answered Cabe.

"If she could honorably—does she mean if she could sell it?" asked Alma.

"No, she means if she could give it to some one, I guess," said Cabe.

Alma's heart beat wonderfully quick and his eyes shone like brilliants as he looked up at Mrs. Saires and said,

"I know what you could do with that baby. My Aunt Libbie would be as glad as anything if she could have it."

"An' who's yer Aunt Libbie, dear? She can have it sure, if she wants it," said Mrs. Saires.

"Can she? Will you give it to her?" asked Alma, delighted beyond measure.

"Sure an' I will, an' be glad to; an' I'll give 'er a paper as well, to shew as she'll nivir be ackst to give it back again," answered the woman.

"Shall Cabe and I take it to her?" asked Alma, trying to pick the baby up, and forgetting all about his valentines, which were scattered about without being noticed.

"No, ye are not strong enough; I'll pack 'er, an' ye shall show me where to go," answered Mrs. Saires. "Grandpaw," she said addressing an old man who stood about as if hunting for something to do without discovering it in the chaotic state of things around him, "will ye tend Biddy an' look to things while I'm gone?"

Grandpa nodded assent, and while Mrs. Saires picked up the baby and prepared to follow Alma, he took from a leathern bag which he carried under his coat a smaller bag of cotton cloth, which he placed on the baby as the woman held it in her arms.

"That's for the Aunt Libbie and the child," he said with quivering lips and voice, and tears in his kind, mild eyes. It was quite a long way to where Alma's grandma and Aunt Libbie lived. But he ran along briskly, and Mrs. Saires followed, so they soon reached the place.

Libbie Goodall was "an old maid," rather, a young one, but with no intention of marrying. And she did want a baby of her own, as every true woman does. So little Alma had made no mistake in the bargain he had undertaken to make for his aunt, as was soon proven.

Surprised as were his grandma and aunt to see him rushing in bare-headed at that early time of day, their surprise was still greater when he called out,

"Aunt Libbie, here's a baby for you, a real live baby, for all your own forever!"

"Alma Makehome," exclaimed Grandma Goodall, catching up the little boy who was now almost breathless with the long run he had taken, "what does this mean?"

"Good gracious!" was all Aunt Libbie found voice for.

'Ef ye plaze, mums," said Mrs.

Saires, courtesying, and then taking the seat Libbie offered her, "ye see it is loike this. Me brether an' his woife baeth doid, an' this swate choild was left, an' havin' one of me owns near the same age, an' five ithers, it's morn' enough for me to look ather thim alls; an' we alls loves the darlint iver so well, for there's nones bether, or ivir was; grandpaw—that's me husband's faither—he thinks an awful lot on 'er, an' he said thes was for the Aunt Libbie, an' the swate lamb," holding up the bag, "an' we want to give 'er to yees, for knowin' that ye could na help to be good toots—; an' f or knowin' that we can't do as we would loiks to for 'er; an' we lavin yer town thes blessed day to go Aste, an' to where we're not knowin'; an' I'm jist ready thes minit to go into the court-room wid ye an' git the papers as will bind the darlin to yees by lawfu' right an' ceremony. Now, thin, what do ye think of it?"

Libbie was fairly dazed by this eloquent harangue; but feeling that necessity demanded immediate decision, she asked quickly, "What shall I do, mother?" She did not wait for her mother's reply, for as she asked the question the sweet face of the ten months' old baby girl, with its wondrously beautiful blue eyes, was up-turned to her with a look of such gentle confidence that she answered herself promptly,

"I know what to do. I'll take the little treasure and keep it. Oh, you sweet, lovely darling!" she continued, as the baby unhesitatingly put its little hands into her's when she reached for it.

"Come, mother," she said, "let's go and have the papers of adoption made out at once," and she pressed the smiling baby to her heart over and over again, while

she rushed about preparing to go to court with it.

"I think I'd better see that this boy gets home all right," said Grandma Goodall. "His mother does not think of his being here, I know, and she'll be worried terribly about him."

"We can go to the court-house on the way to Mary's; let's call Mandy and tell her we're going, and then hurry off," said Libbie. "Grandpaw's present will more'n pay for gittin' the papers out, 'ithout doubt," said Mrs. Saires, slipping the little bag, which really contained what must have been a considerable amount in hard cash, into Libbie's hand.

"Good! and many thanks," said Libbie. "It will come very handy right now; don't know how else we could pay for the papers today."

And the money did come handy, indeed. And all other things worked admirably as well; for in an unusually short time, all the legal business necessary to make the baby as nearly Libbie's own as it could be made, had been attended to, and outside the court-room Mrs. Saires was taking a warm and a long farewell of her newly-found friends and "the swate lamb."

Alma, who was much interested in all that was going on, especially then, with some funny valentines which a little fellow had thrown at him, reminded the ladies of his presence by calling out, "Aunt Libbie, didn't you get any valentines this morning?"

"I should think I did get a valentine this morning, Alma," replied his aunt, "a lovely one. Come, let us hurry and tell your mother about it."

Mrs. Makehome had looked for her little boy about the yard, and was thinking to go over to one of the neighbors, where he was sometimes allowed to go

and play with the children, when he appeared in the doorway with his grandma's black silk handkerchief tied over his head, and closely followed by that lady herself. Then came Libbie with the new baby.

There was no chance for scolding Alma, even if his mamma had felt it her duty to reprove him for going away without her knowing it.

"Oh, Mary! how shall I ever be grateful enough for such a favor from God?" Libbie exclaimed, after the story had been repeated. "So unlooked for, and I believe I shall actually love the little pet just as much as you love your very own," continued Libbie. A slight tinge of conscience made Mary wince. Had she always appreciated her best gifts from God as she should have done? she asked herself, seeing her sister's ecstasy.

"Oh, Aunt Libbie!" shouted Alma, letting Beth take which she pleased of the valentines he had collected.

But Libbie did not hear the boy. "Mother," she was saying now, "there never could be anything else half so beautiful as a sweet and lovely-dispositioned child like this! Oh, I never was so happy!"

"Aun-nt Li-ibbie!" screamed Alma, throwing his arms on to her lap by the baby, whereupon the little thing laughed and reached out its hands to play with him. And now Aunt Libbie heard and listened to him.

"When you tell folks about your baby, won't you remember to say I found it for you?" he asked.

"Won't I remember, Alma!" said Aunt Libbie, kissing the boy two or three times. "Do you think I can ever forget that you brought me my best and sweetest valentine?"

L. L. Greene Richards.

Our Little Folks.

THREE LITTLE COUSINS.

WE are three little cousins,
Jennie, Bell and May;
We are going to Kindergarten,
Just across the way.

We take our little umbrellas,
Because it might rain or snow;
Our teacher will tell us stories,
Of ever so long ago.



We have our dinner baskets,
With lunch and napkins neat;
Our teacher will kindly show us,
Just how to sit and eat.

The little lessons we're learning,
In our Kindergarten days;
When we are older and stronger,
Will help us in many ways.

We love our Kindergarten,
Our teachers are kind and good
And they teach us to mind our
mammias,
As all good children should.

Lula.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; sad hearts come to it as to the sun to warm themselves again.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 2, 1898.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Two days before I was four years old I started with my papa and mamma and some friends for San Francisco.

We reached there early in the morning of my birthday, and went to the hotel. We stayed in San Francisco about a week. I think it is a very nice city. We went out to the Cliff House, which is built on the beach of the Pacific Ocean, and saw a great many seals on the rocks. In the museum at the Cliff House we saw Ben Butler, a dead seal, which had been stuffed and set up there for people to look at. He was a very large seal, who was once king of the seals.

We saw a great many other things, and I will write more about them in another letter.

Your friend,

Harley Cannon. Age 6 years.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 3, 1898.

DEAR LETTER BOX: We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I am very much interested in it. I always read the little stories, and like them very much. I go to Sunday School, and am in the Second-intermediate class.

From your friend,

Mabel Wilcken. Age 9 years.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I want to tell the little children how good the Lord has been, and what He has done for me. One year ago I was very sick with the typhoid fever. For six weeks my parents watched over me day and night, not knowing which would be my last moment. But through the Elders' faith and prayers, and the goodness of God I was restored, although a mere skeleton. My hair all came out and it took me

two weeks to learn to walk. I must close before I take up too much room.

Mary D. Jones. Aged 9 years.

PROVO CITY, UTAH.

RICHFIELD, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE READERS: Every time mamma gets a new JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR the first thing I get her to do is to read the little letters. I have been going to write a letter, but I am so busy helping mamma that I put it off till next time, and next time has been a long time coming. I stay with grandma at night, because she is alone; but tonight I coaxed mamma to let me stay at home so I could write this letter. I like to play out on the street with the other boys, but mamma wants me to help her in the house. I don't always like this, but mamma says it won't hurt me to learn how to do girls' work if I am a boy.

I will tell you about the first supper I cooked alone. Mamma had to go to see the sick, and told me to get supper while she was gone. I peeled the potatoes and put them on to cook; then I fried the meat and made the gravy, and set the table, and had everything ready for supper. I took the frying pan in one hand and the dish in the other, to pour the gravy out. It was too heavy and I spilt it. I got a rag and wiped it up the best I could, when in stepped mamma and said, "What have you been doing?"

After I had told her, she asked me if I had not seen her stand the dish down to pour the gravy in it. I told her yes, and that when I did it the thought came to me. Well, we learn by experience. Last week mamma had me hanging out the clothes. Grandma is teaching me to knit, and I go to school. I will

close, hoping the Lord will bless us that we may grow up to be useful.

Orlando Thurber. Aged 11 years.

DEAR EDITOR: The fourteenth of last June I was 9 years old. I go to school and help my ma all I can, and I also attend the Primary and Sunday School. I have two brothers and two sisters. When I was seven years old my pa took us all over to Wm. McIntyre's ranch in Tintic, to visit my unclé, Norman Holladay and family. We stayed three days. It was a good sight to go and look at so many cattle and horses. There was a large pond close by the house, where we caught fish. There was a large ice-house by the pond, and we made ice-cream every day. Above the house was a large tank, where the horses and cattle came to drink; and above that was the largest barn I ever saw. My brother made a large swing in it, and I had a nice time swinging. On our way home we passed through different towns, and I saw the large mines and mills in Tintic. I will now close, wishing you all a Happy New Year.

Your friend,

Ethel R. Tietjen.

REXBURG, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER BOX: I will tell you about my school teacher. His name is Brother Hyldahl; he is a good teacher and I like him very much. We have the Spirit of the Lord with us in our class. I like to go to school and gain knowledge for future usefulness. I also go to Primary and Sunday School. If I see this letter in print I will write you about our town some time. I have two brothers and two sisters. The baby's name is Margaret Gurney. She has

pretty, dark eyes, and is the pet of the house.

Your new friend,
Thomas E. Smith. Aged 13 years.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have a hen named Topnot. She stole her nest and came back with some little chickens. One of the little chickens died. This is all for this time.

Doras Bennett. Aged 7 years.

PINE VALLEY, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have four little sisters and one brother. Their names are Leonora, Almira, Mary, Vera, and Levi. I have been sick for four years, and not been able to go to school, and my sister Almira has been sick. She was awful sick last winter and could not speak aloud. I go to Primary and Sunday School. I like to read the little letters of the Letter-Box, and I hope to see my letter in print.

Your little friend,
Ann Snow. Age 12 years.

WELLINGTON, CARBON CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I will tell you about my kitten. It is black. It is about a month old, and it can mew and jump about the house. It has blue eyes, and its name is Topsy. I have a big doll; her name is Hazel. I have three sisters, and one brother named Willie. I am nine years old; my birthday is the 11th of August.

Susan McMillan.

WILLARD, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE, and thought I would write one. I am eight years of age. I go to school, and like my teacher very much. I like to

go to Sunday School and meetings. I have five sisters and two brothers. Our baby is fifteen months old; his name is Reuel. Last year I was sick, and my head was drawn so that it laid on my shoulder. The doctor thought I would have to wear a collar that would hold my head straight. But by faith and prayer and the blessings of the Lord, I was healed, and my neck was made straight. This is my first time of writing to the Letter-Box.

From your friend,
Mabel L. Chandler. Age 8 years.

PROVO BENCH, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I would like to tell you about a rabbit hunt that my brother and I had. One day it was rainy, so my brother got the gun and I got the caps and shot and powder, and we loaded the gun and started out for a hunt. We went down to a big hill about a mile below our place. We saw three rabbits, and I ran down to head them off. My brother fired at one of the rabbits and broke his leg, and I ran and got him, and we did not see any more rabbits. So we went on till we came to some willows. We thought we saw a wolf run into the willows, and my brother fired, and we heard a funny noise and went to see what it was. It was a calf. We concluded we would know what a thing was before firing at it another time. On the way home we got another rabbit.

This is all for this time.
Leonard Prestwich. Age 14 years.

LEHI, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX—I have wished many times to write, and this is my first letter to you. I have dear parents, and fifteen brothers and sisters. I was born while my father was in prison

for the Gospel sake. My mamma took me to see him when I was seven weeks old. I love to go to school, to Sunday School, Primary, and to read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Leah Kirkham. Age 10 years.

FREMONT, WAYNE COUNTY.

DEAR LITTLE-BOX: I loved to read the little letters and hear what some of the little boys and girls can do. I think little boys can be as useful as little girls if they try. I have three brothers and two sisters, and sometimes I help my little sister wash the dishes and sweep the floor, but I would rather do chores out doors than to help in the house. We had a Primary fair when I was nine years old and I made a hay rack and took it to it. I love to make little wagons and wood racks but my little brother gets them and then gets them broken.

James Orson Allred. Aged 11 years.

FREMONT, WAYNE CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—My mamma takes the INSTRUCTOR and I like to read the little letters.

A long time ago when mamma was a little girl, grandpa lived on a ranch about a mile from the Sevier River. Grandpa was away from home. They had nothing to eat but bread and milk. The cows strayed away and for several days they had no milk. One morning when the children said their prayer, they asked the Lord to help them to get something to eat with their bread. Uncle David, who was only nine years old, went to look for the cows. Just as he crossed the river a herd of deer came down to the water to drink, making a circle up the side of the hill and around the deer, threw his rope around a deer's neck. Dash, Uncle David's dog jumped on the deer's back and bit it so it could

not swim Uncle David got the deer up close to the bank and tied it to a bunch of willows. Then he went home and told the folks. Mamma and Aunt Pearly and the rest of the children went down with him and got the deer and helped him take it home; and when it was dressed, grandma cooked some and they all had a feast. That night grandpa came home and the children told him how the Lord heard and answered their prayers. They all said it was the best meat they ever ate.

Pearl Y. Taylor. Aged 8 years.

SALT LAKE CITY.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell you of something which I saw last week which almost made me cry.

A family moved to another part of the city, and either forgot to take their cat or intentionally left her behind. The poor animal stayed round the empty house for several days, without having had a bite to eat. I wish the owners could have seen her sitting at the door, crying to get in, and no one there to hear her cries.

She has failed greatly, and unless some one takes her in, she will surely die from starvation. I would have taken her home, only we live so far from the center of the city.

On behalf of poor, dumb animals, I say, "When you are moving, don't forget to take your cat."

The animals' friend,

John Porter.

You must not only work, but you must order your work with intelligence; you must be preparing the way for what you want to become, as well as do what lies to your hand.

Awarded
 Highest Honors—World's Fair,
 Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair
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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.

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Some 300 suits in this lot and every one a top notch value. We want no hold overs here. They're the best values we've had this season, but the lots are broken. Only a few sizes of each left, so they must be cleaned out. This is how we propose to do it:

\$ 9.00 suit for \$ 7.50
 10.00 suit for 7.50
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 15.00 suit for 11.50
 18.00 suit for 13.50
 20.00 suit for 14.50
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Every over coat and ulster in the house must be sold. Big cut in prices.

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240 Main St., First Door North of Walker House.

DENTISTRY UP TO DATE

Good Set of Teeth	\$ 8.00
Best Set, No Better Made.....	10.00
Amalgam or Silver Fillings.....	1.00
Gold Fillings	From 1.00 up.
Teeth Cleaned	1.00
Solid Gold Crown	5.00

Come in the morning and wear your new teeth home at night.

GOLD BRIDGE WORK,

COST PER TOOTH, \$5.00

PORCELAIN CROWNS,

CAN'T BE TOLD FROM NATURAL TEETH, \$5.00

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

We Challenge Competition in this Specialty either as to Price or Quality of Work at any Price.



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 1st, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	9:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42.—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 6—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	9:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:10 a. m.
No. 41.—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	5:15 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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W. H. BANCROFT,
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American Fork Co-op.....	American Fork
G. S. Wood Mer, Co.....	Springville
Spanish Fork Co-op.....	Spanish Fork
A. S. Huish.....	Payson
Cooper, Pyper & Co.....	Nephi
S. P. Eggertsen Co.....	Provo
Fairview Co-op.....	Fairview
O. F. Coolidge.....	Manti
J. S. Jensen.....	Salina
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We show greater variety than any house west of Chicago.

Our reference as to quality is the thousands of customers who have purchased FULLER-WARREN STOVES & RANGES from us in the past few years.

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No. 302 South State Street have the exclusive sale in Salt Lake of **Victor's Anti-Dyspeptic Powder**. If taken regularly for a few weeks will completely eradicate every trace of the troubles arising from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramps, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Souring or Rising of Foods, and all diseases that arise from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels yield at once to the healing powers of

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Which is now located at 317 Main Street, Can supply you with anything in their line of Breakfast Cereals and Crackers, such as Graham and Oatmeal and Whole Wheat, Gluten and Oatmeal Wafers; also Vowel's Ralston Flower. Call and examine our goods and then buy them of your Grocer.

We also carry a full line of the Sanitarium Medicated Foods for Dyspeptics, Invalids and Infants, which can be obtained by calling at their depot at

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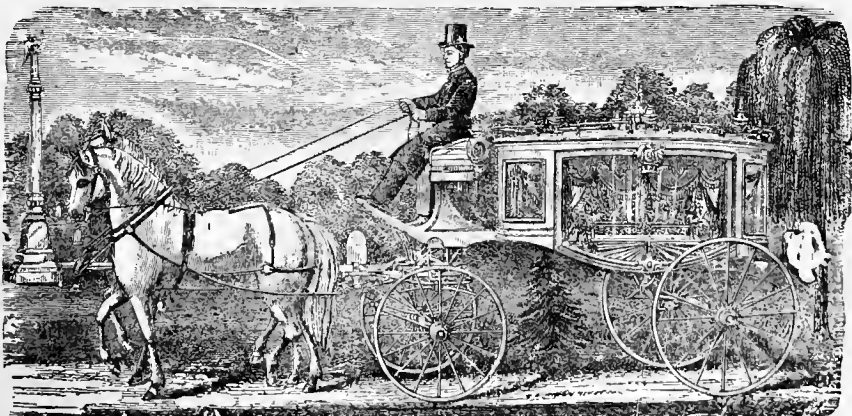
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- "The Overland Limited" for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City 7 00 a. m
- "The Fast Mail" for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver.... 6 25 p. m

ARRIVE:

- "The Overland Limited" from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Park City..... 3 10 p.m
- "The Fast Mail" from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver..... 3 30 a.m

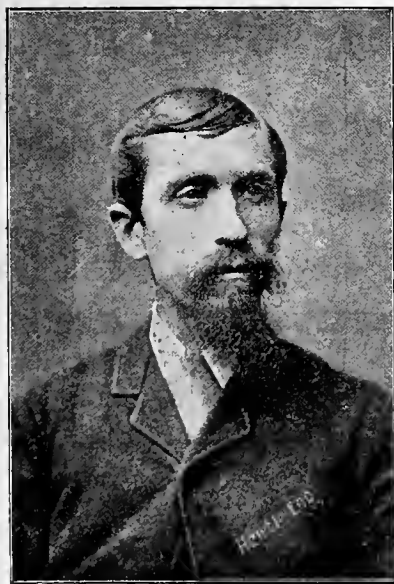
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Telephone No. 665.

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A thoroughly competent Physician and Surgeon is in charge who will diagnose and prescribe for patients, and any one in need of medical or sanitary aid cannot do better than take a course of treatment at our sanitarium.

For further particulars call upon or write the consulting physician.

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We have a real nobby solid stock shoe for boys and girls at \$1.00. Can't be beat. We are the friends of the working man. Here is what we have for you: A solid full stock Grain Leather Shoe for \$1.15 and up. A fine ladies shoe at \$1.50 and up. Impossible to duplicate. We also carry a complete line of

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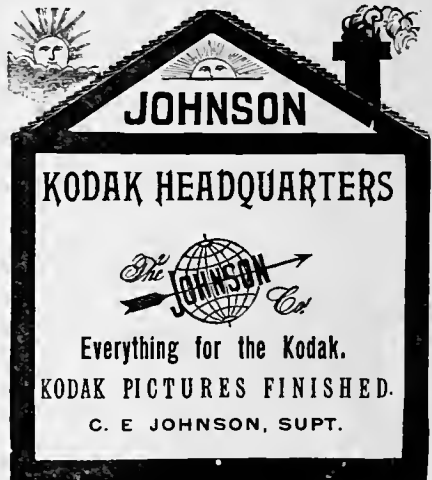
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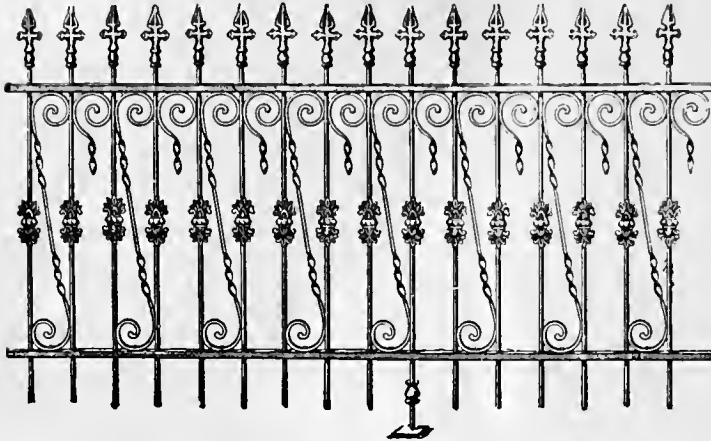
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